

*The Historie of*

*Fal.* Do so, for it is worth the listning to, these nine in Buckrom, that I told thee of.

*Prin.* So, two more already.

*Fal.* Their points being broken,

*Poyns.* Downe fell his hose.

*Fal.* Began to giue me ground: but I followed me close, came in foote and hand, & with a thought, seuen of the eleuen I paid.

*Prin.* O monstrous! eleuen buckrom men growne out of two?

*Fal.* But as the diuel would haue it, three mis-begottē knaues, in Kendall greene, came at my backe and let driue at me, for it was so darke, *Hal*, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

*Prin.* These lyes are like the father that begets them, grosse as a mountaine, opē palpable. Why thou clay-braind guts, thou knotty-pated foole, thou horson obscene greasie tallow catch.

*Fal.* What? art thou mad? art thou mad; is not the truth the truth?

*Prin.* Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendall greene, when it was so darke thou couldst not see thy hand? come tell vs your reason, What saist thou to this?

*Poy.* Come, your reason lacke, your reason.

*Fal.* What, vpon compulsion? Zoundes, and I were at the strappado, or al the racks in the world, I would not tel you on compulsion. Giue you a reason on compulsion? if reasons were as plenty as blackeberries, I would giue no man a reason vpon compulsion, I.

*Prin.* He be no longer guiltie of this sinne. This sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hil of flesh.

*Fal.* Zbloud you starueling, you elfskin, you dried neats tong, buls-pizzel, you stockefish: O for breath to vtter! what is like thee? you raylers yard, you sheath, you bowcase, you vile standing tucke.

*Prin.* Wel, breath a while, and then to it againe, & when thou hast tried thy selfe in base comparisōs, heare me speak but thus

*Poy.* Marke, *Iacke*.

*Prin.* We two, saw you foure, set on foure & bound them, & were maisters of their welth: marke now how a plaine tale shall put you downe: then did wee two set on you foure, and with a word,

*Henry the*

word, outfac'd you from your place: it you here in the house: and *Fal* way as nimble, with as quick de still run & roare, as euer I heard to hack thy sword as thou hast d What tricke? what deuce? what find out, to hide thee from this o

*Poin.* Come lets heare *Iacke*, w

*Fals.* By the Lord, I knew yee Why heare you my maisters, wa apparant? Should I turne vpon knowest I am as valiant as *Hercu* on will not touch the true Prince was a Coward on instinct, I shal and thee, during my life; I, for a v Prince: but, by the Lord, Lads, I Hostesse, clap to the doores, wa Gallants, Lads, Boyes, Hearts of lowship come to you. What, sha a Play extempore?

*Prin.* Content, and the argum

*Fals.* A, no more of that *Hal*, &

*Hof.* O Iesu, my Lord the *Pr*

*Prin.* How now my Lady the

*Hof.* Marry, my L. there is a N would speake with you: he saye

*Prin.* Giue him as much as w send him backe againe to my mo

*Fal.* What manner of man is l

*Hof.* An old man.

*Fal.* What doth grautie out o giue him his answer?

*Prin.* Prethee doe *Iacke*.

*Fals.* Fayth, and Ile send him

*Prin.* Now fir: birlady you f did you *Bar dol*, you are Lions too you will not touch the true Prince

*Bar.* Fayth, I ran when I saw E.